

Why Shouldn't We Kill Ourselves?

Showbread

Bite down on the pop culture spoon
Crack the trend chasing teeth on the marble cold gloom
Portland, Oregon is a dead museum with no fizz
An empty fridge
Godzilla took a stroll through the bankrupt golden gate bridge

Stop the assembly line, the 3D printed new man
Silence the copy paste copy paste copy paste bands
Milk homogenized without the cream on top
Planet world wide web that time forgot
New York is sinking in a hotbed of snakes
She's got her tail in her teeth, she's got her foot on the brakes
Force fed the derivatives until we soil the bed
Carbon copied, so scared, so dead

B-u-r-n the f-e-a-r
Find t-h-e-m
What e-v-e-r
Everything you o-w-n ends up owning y-o-u
And now you know what to do
And now you know what to do

Line up at the door with your skull in your hands
Assume the mantra majority of supply and demand
The three piece suit behind the princess of downloads
Coiled underneath the hot lamp of outgrowth
Every mirror is nestled 'neath a blanket of flies
Staring at the abyss and afraid to die
Into the fiberglass optical maze
The delusions of grandeur that last for a day

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